

# STAYING CONNECTED

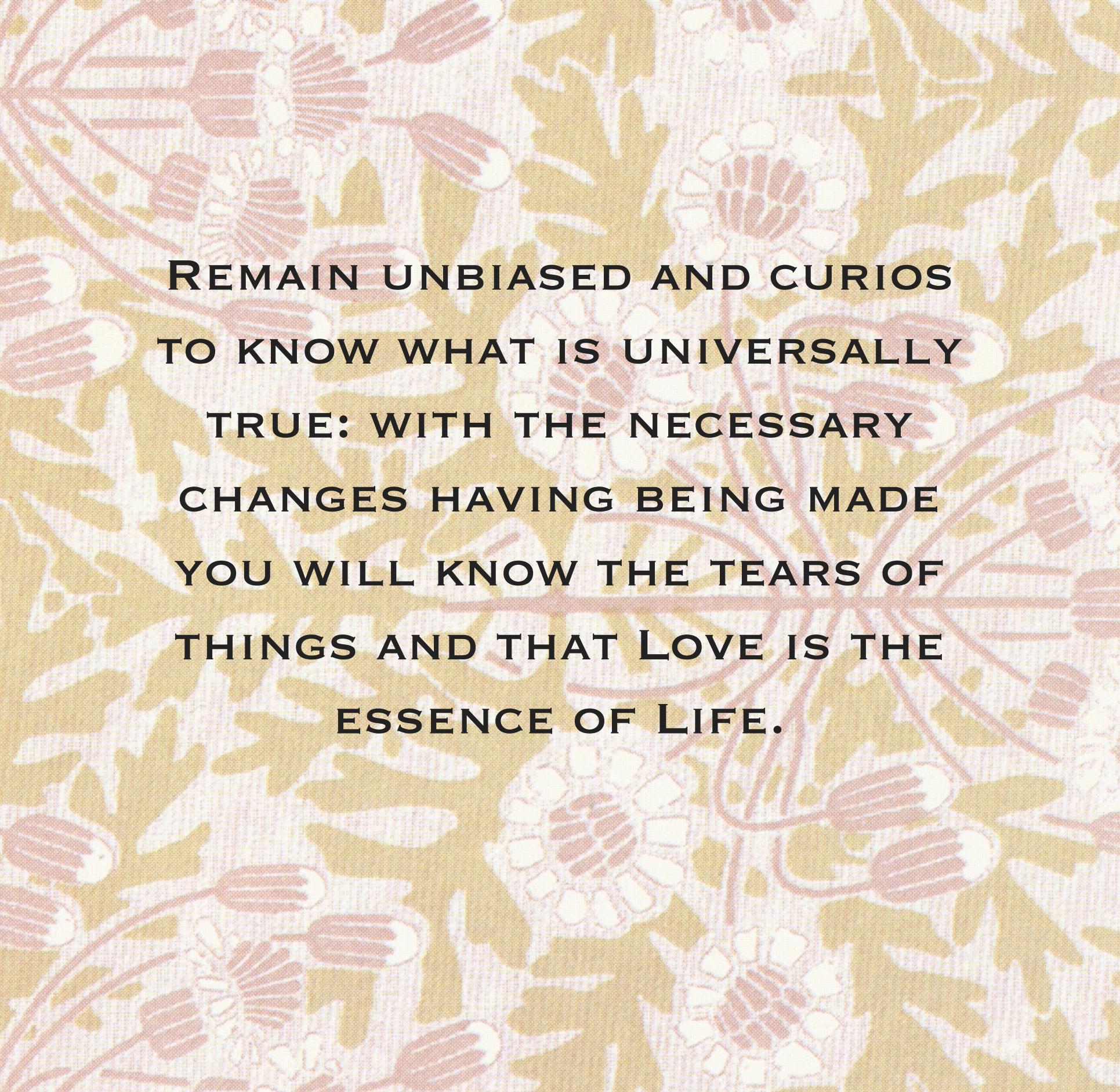
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**THE POET** : Keeping connected in  
the joy of giving and receiving: Life  
through the Musings of the Scientist Poet.

**David Scanlon**

# PUBLISHERS DETAILS

*"Worry not about the distant dreams, which live within the human thinking world ,but listen instead and focus on what is real and present. In seeing and hearing, finding her truth through eternal love, the world can be seen for what it truly is. Acceptance is love."*



**REMAIN UNBIASED AND CURIOS  
TO KNOW WHAT IS UNIVERSALLY  
TRUE: WITH THE NECESSARY  
CHANGES HAVING BEING MADE  
YOU WILL KNOW THE TEARS OF  
THINGS AND THAT LOVE IS THE  
ESSENCE OF LIFE.**

**THE FOOLISH POET PRESS LTD.**  
**WILMSLOW**



2020

# **STAYING CONNECTED**

**THE POET - KEEPING CONNECTED IN THE JOY  
OF GIVING AND RECEIVING: LIFE THROUGH THE  
MUSING OF THE SCIENTIST POET**

*By*

**DAVID SCANLON**

**THE FOOLISH POET PRESS**

## ALSO BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE POET, THE PRISONER & THE FOOL

POETRY FOR BUSINESS: FIRED BY PASSION

POETRY FOR BUSINESS: CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS

SPEAK OF LOVE: CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS

LOVE WILL SET YOU FREE

THE POETRY OF LIFE: SEEING AGAIN

TIMELESS TRUTHS

## TRANSLATIONS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

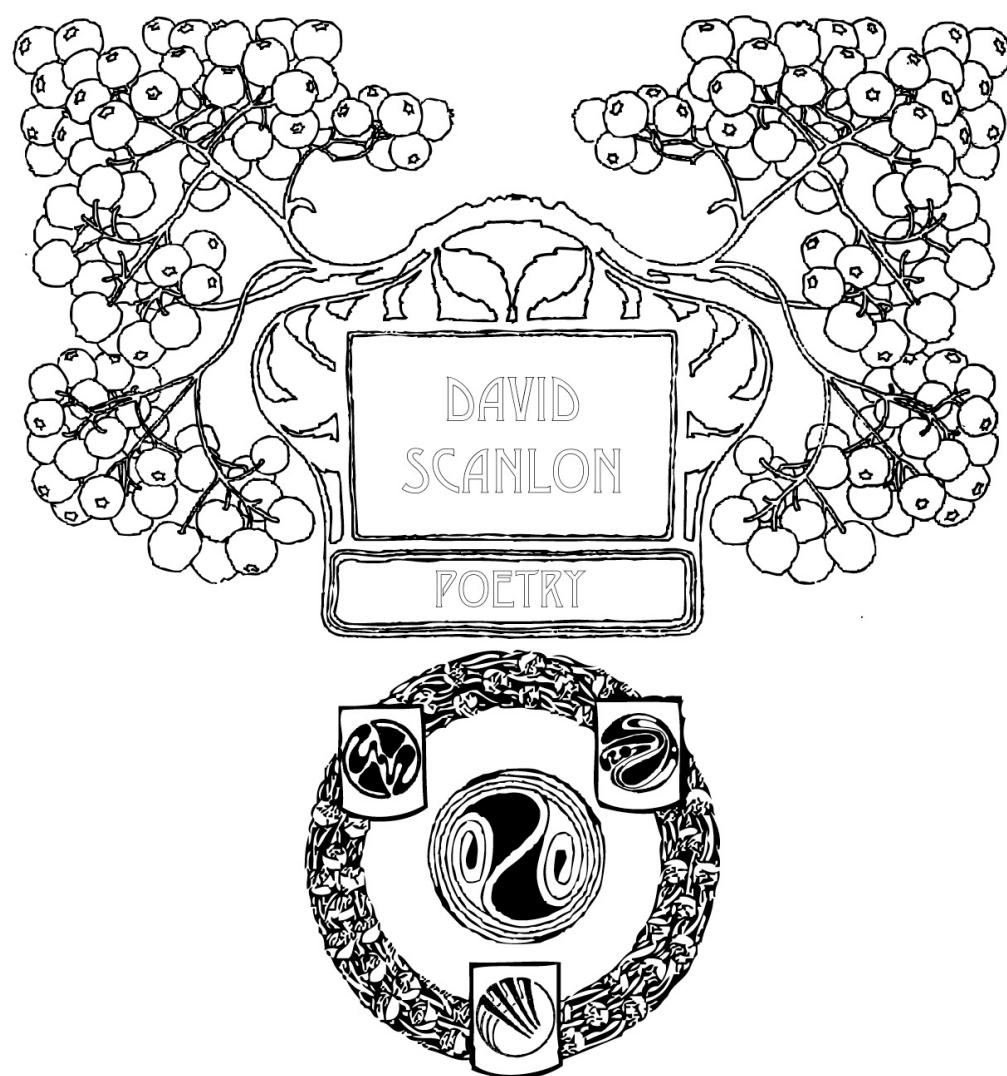
POEMS OF ALBERTO CAEIRO (VOLUME 1) - FERNANDO PESSOA

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THE KEEPER OF FLOCKS - ALBERTO CAEIRO

NEEHAR - MAHADEVI VARMA (TRANSLATED WITH PARUL  
SINGHAL)

COLLECTED POEMS - NEW TRANSLATIONS





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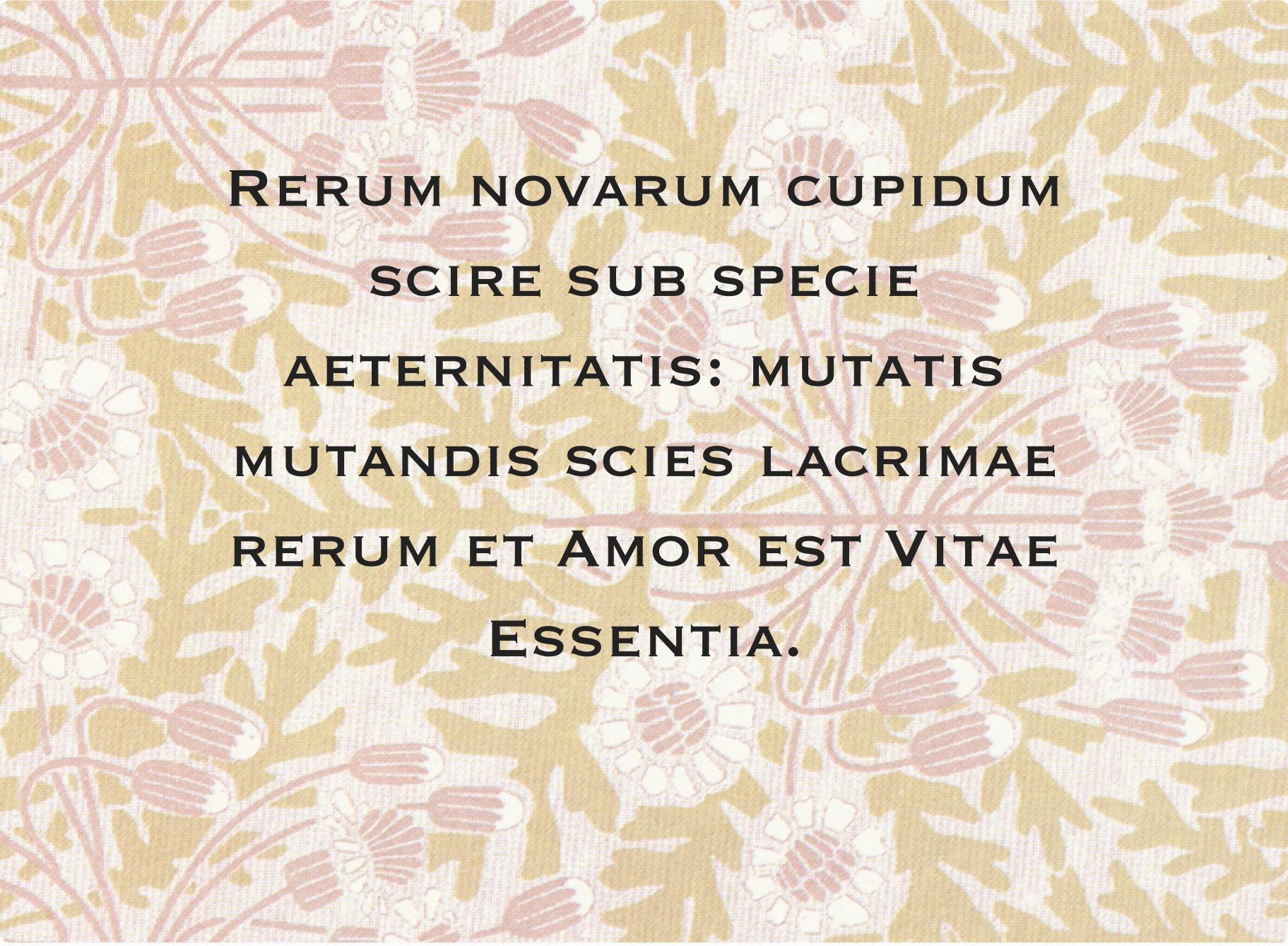


FOR FRIENDSHIP

FOR ALL WHO TAKE TIME TO ENGAGE  
AND RESPOND TO FRIENDS; A FOCUS  
UPON THE SIMPLER THINGS IN LIFE.

# POEMS

*“Seeing and hearing the truth requires a movement beyond thought. The poet’s voice rings louder when the words are found in trusting acceptance of her eternal voice. Through her voice the music of the silence can be heard again: a reconnection with all poets of all ages of all nationalities.”*



**RERUM NOVARUM CUPIDUM  
SCIRE SUB SPECIE  
AETERNITATIS: MUTATIS  
MUTANDIS SCIES LACRIMAE  
RERUM ET AMOR EST VITAE  
ESSENTIA.**

**David Scanlon:** Lives in Cheshire with his family and friends. Working independently, formerly for ArisGlobal and AstraZeneca, he has devoted his working life to discovering and delivering medicines for

patients in need of new treatments. In his day-to-day activities he finds inspiration to write poetry. This collection was written for love and was created from the many poetic moments we make every day.

## **DIVIDED WE STAND**

Divided we stand together,  
Unable and unwilling to breach  
Our walls and bring to life  
All that is - all that we are.

Undivided we stand together  
Able and fully willing to teach  
Of her call and bring to life  
All that is - all that we are.

For all that is, all that we are  
Is capable and willing to reach,  
Not fall, and so bring it to life:  
Divided we stand in her love.



## **SHARING A CREATIVE HEART**

In the creative heart lies connected conversations;  
Distant and present purpose, housed and unhoused  
Within the goings-on of our everyday happenings,  
Hold us for that one moment from staying present.

In joy the creative heart connects conversations:  
Distance and presence lives, unhoused and then housed  
Within the goings-on of a words eternal meaning;  
Held for that one moment by staying in her presence.

In the sharing heart lies connected conversations;  
Distant and present purpose, housed and unhoused  
Within the goings-on of our everyday conversations,  
Hold us for that one moment in loves eternal presence.

## THE THREADS OF OUR BEING

The threads of our being weave life's tapestry;  
Each sharpened needle punctures then heals;  
Each dazzling colour bright, then fading  
After the movement of the caring hand.

We weave in our own threads, joined together  
In the majesty of our making, healed  
In the care, beyond careless machines,  
With each movement of her loving hand.

The threads of our words weave life's tapestry:  
Each sharpened voice punctures then heals;  
Each dazzling song bright, then fading  
After the movement from the caring page.

## **SIMPLE JOYFULNESS**

In the complexity of life are simple rules,  
Yet they are not enough to manage us.

Through each simple interaction we live:

With the virtual realities of another;  
With the emerged and emerging rules  
Dictating the possibilities of the rational.

In the virtual reality of life are simple rules,  
These are enough to manage our things:

Through each complex interaction we live:

With the beauty of the things we make;  
With the emerged and emerging needs  
Directing the possibilities of our regulation.

In the full joys of life there is simply love,  
Which is clearly not enough to manage us.

Though in each simple interaction we live:

With the caring realities of another;  
With no emerging or emerged rules  
Dictating the possibilities of joyfulness.

## OLD AND NEW

The old and the new move together:  
Harnessed beyond ideologies grip

    The comforts of tradition hold us,  
    The care from creative conversation  
    Caressing us in shared moments.

In the going-before and our goings-on we:  
Harness from beyond temporal time

    The comforts of creative traditions,  
    The caring conversations of kindness  
    All shaped within our shared love.

So in creating with tradition we go on:  
Harnessed beyond a moments grip

    The comforts, new and old, take us,  
    The care from creative ideologies  
    Caressing us in our eternal moments.

## **CROSSING PATHS**

Paths cross and re-cross, should we choose,  
For to be human is to expect the unexpected  
For to be humane is to engage with those who care,  
And in their ways are caring.

A few crosses are carried, should we choose,  
For to be human is to accept our challenges  
For to be humane is to engage with those who love,  
And in their ways create love.

To cross the threshold, should we choose,  
And to be human is to respond and engage  
And to be humane is to be, in another's presence,  
For in our ways we are what we are.

## THE MOTIVATIONAL SPIRIT

We all strive and strive again for it!  
With the elusiveness of motivations will,  
That arbour of sweet and pungent delight,  
A movement comes from sources unknown  
As we all make our way in the hurly-burly.  
Days and nights mingle in each other's dream;  
Alive we strive in our goings-on together.

Will it ever land, settled in its needs!  
Without the space in between we land,  
Stranded in the fogs dense divisions,  
A place of isolation with the only certainty,  
The one that comes from our delusions,  
Realised as truth as we over believe in self;  
That denial of being alive in our goings-on.

So let us swim together within to find it!  
Drape our selves with the joy of others  
And dance to her tune, hear her lyrics,  
Exalt in the mesmeric persistence of  
The one true form of motivational spirit;  
Then, bathed in the eternal light of love,  
Act knowing we all strive in our goings-on.

## **VOICES GIVING LOVE**

Voices are what we are:

They find shape in passion;  
They find joy in company;  
They bring love in the hearing.

Love is what we are:

In our ways with each other;  
In our care for our work;  
In bringing ourselves to see.

Giving is what we do:

Each day in our choices;  
Each day in our presence;  
Each finding our own way.

## **FINDING OUR WAYS**

With our iconic ways we wish,  
And we wish, and we wish again,  
That in our perpetual movement  
We will prosper and do no harm;

That our ways will find a voice,  
Our voice, voiced again and again,  
So that her perpetual movement  
Will again be heard. Doing no harm

Our ways will find our way to love,  
And all we love, and all who loved  
Will in our perpetual movement  
Become at one and fulfil our wishes.

## **ENOUGH IS BELOW**

Saying goodbye to the day,  
With those that you love,  
Lingers with a lasting glow;

An echo through times play  
Sits awaiting, care from above.  
Intertwined within our flow

Our utterances stay away,  
As we fit within our own glove.  
But for me enough is below!

## THE SOUL OF THE MAN

The soul of the man with the tie entered,  
Before that day in the oak panelled room,  
In the simplest of words written black  
On white, on mind, on a searching spirit.

Power came from kindness, a diligence  
Often neglected in the passionate pursuit;  
A gift from the purest love of another  
Speaking in the shadows, waiting to be heard.

I could not yet hear her words yet felt them;  
In the reading and the act of communion -  
In that circle of knowing, blessing those few,  
I was engaged in an unknown togetherness.

With your kindness, a blossom emerged,  
The soul of a man emerged; still seeking,  
Yet seeing beyond the everyday goings-on,  
A union formed in black and white with love.

In the calm goings-on, the passionate pursuit,  
The power of the simplest of her words play  
In the coming together, beyond our time,  
Of the truest human love a soul can find.

## **TRUST IS A TOKEN**

Trust is a token we bestow:  
Heavy it weighs, free it flows.  
For with each faithful moment,  
When one joins with another to  
Regale and rejoice in the love of life  
That truthful encounter lives  
And moves us towards love.

## **TAKING OFF**

We all take off, when released  
From our self-imposing shackles  
And realise that we are not one  
But the eternalness of another.  
Our voice and words are others.  
In our actions and words we define  
And refine, as we grow, our world.  
So, in taking off, remember  
We are of those who made us  
And be ever grateful for friends!

## **SPEAKING HER WORDS**

I hate poetry but I like your words,  
For they remind me of the days we,  
Together made our difference in work.  
Filled with laughter and smiles words,  
For another purpose, shaped our days.  
Yet always within our ways she waited.  
For in our ways was a love, never spoken:  
A care for each other and all others  
That can only find expression in words.  
I love poetry for it speaks her words.

## CREATION VISITS

In the hope that the inspirational joy of creation visits  
We move with purpose and presence, patiently waiting:  
Always moved by our humanity the movement towards  
Is as endless as time, forever flowing - awaiting discovery.  
When that moment touches those who knowingly-wait  
It lands with a transcendence that echo's through time  
And yet it's presence in self disguises that eternal truth:  
Greatness comes to the few from all that we together  
Make, with the fullness and grace of an undying love.

## **FRIENDSHIPS FORTUNE**

A family of friendship  
Forever formed, fully  
Forgetful of our fears,  
Face forward to the future:  
Forgiving of former failure,  
Fate found our flaws,  
Faith forms, full-force,  
A fortune of friendship.

## **FRIENDSHIPS FORMING**

Friendship is formed in the fierce fire,  
In the fun of finding, fully formed, the  
Hidden forms that shape our futures:

In the forgetting is the forging of form;  
In the forming is the forgetting of past;  
Forever our future is present, forming.

## CAN YOU UNDERSTAND MY JOY?

You cannot begin to understand the joy,  
The explosion of moments shared in past time,  
Which your simple words shaped within me.

Absence is a presence felt with a longing,  
Where a belonging lived, with those who care.  
Yet absence is not present in the thought,  
Where the loving lives, within poetries time.

For in the memory of love lies eternities gift,  
Where a belonging lives, for those who care.  
So within a loving memory lies the thought,  
Where the belonging began, where poetry lives.

You may now begin to understand my joy.  
How your presence today, after long absence,  
Helped to shape these simple words of love.

## POETRY LIVES

Absence is a presence felt with a longing,  
Where a belonging lived, with those who care.  
Yet absence is not present in the thought,  
Where the loving lives, within poetries time.

For, in the memory of love, lies eternities gift,  
Where a belonging lives, for those who care.  
So within a loving memory lies the thought,  
Where the belonging began, where poetry lives.

## THE UNKNOWN READERS

The strangeness of writing is the unknown reader,  
Who picks up the black from white and fills the gaps,  
The meaning standing there awaiting discovery,  
Well beyond the moment of creation.

And yet some readers were there in the writing,  
A distant memory shaped and reshaping in the present,  
From our timeless care, wrapped awaiting discovery,  
A love beyond born in the moment of creation.

## TIME TEACHES

Time teaches the scientist some strange things,  
Yet the creative imagination of the scientist is human.  
Time teaches the human some strange things,  
In the creative imagination of the poet exploring truth.

Truth teaches the scientist to remain sceptical,  
So that the creative imagination of the scientist can explore.  
Truth teaches the poet to remain open to love,  
Where the creative imagination of the poet finds her truth.

## **WELLNESS DEFINED**

Wellness can be defined in your world of numbers,  
The shape of it and the curve of it portrayed in abstract.  
But in your words I hear beyond, towards the eternal,  
The voice of it and the place of it coming from a reality.

Where our worlds meet is the past, present and the future,  
The joy of it and the excitement of it, all from times movement.  
So in these words I speak beyond, towards our eternity,  
The love of it and the enticement of it shaping a new reality.

## **WHAT IS IT?**

What is it? But another journey,  
Within the world of work where:

Caring and nurtured people wither,  
Technology both creates and divides,  
Humanities deepest love is unspoken,  
And yet our being requires the passion.

What is it? But the self-resplendent,  
Within the world of work where:

Care and the nurturing of people lives,  
Technology both joins and diminishes,  
Humanities deepest love is spoken,  
And the joy of being finds full voice.

## CHOOSE TODAY

We use our time in the way we choose:  
Sometimes we feel it is wasted;  
Sometime we know it is valued;  
But each moment we choose.

We choose to spend our time in ways:  
Which give us the greatest joy;  
Which give us moments of hope;  
But each moment we choose.

Yet today time seems infinite as:  
Each word is chosen with love;  
Each word was born in our choice;  
For each moment we choose.

## THINGS WE LOVE

What becomes of the things we leave behind,  
The things we feel discard us and we discard:  
Things can be found and can be lost but they  
Are still things not everything.

What becomes of the ones we leave behind,  
The ones we feel discard us and we discard:  
People can be found and can be lost but they  
Are still present for they are not things.

What becomes of us and all of our things  
When we discard the one truest thing of all:  
We can find and never loose that one thing for  
In our love of us, not things, we truly live.

## A SMILE OF JOY

With an aching smile now present,  
Recurring thanks billowing forward,  
An ageless moment of being hangs,  
Timeless time counting the space.

With patterns and rituals endured,  
Another year grants us our joining;  
A newness beginning - one began  
In another place, in another space.

Joy, our vestigial wings of love,  
Always finds a way to surface  
In our human goings-on; things  
Do not hold back her flowing grace.

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